



Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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FATAL EFFECTS OF
REVENGE AND CRUELTY.

IN the north-west parts of Scotland, during the reign of Malcolm, the cotemporary of Macbeth, the usurper, there lived two young noblemen, at the head of two parties, who were such mortal enemies to each other, that hardly a week elapsed, without the commission of rapes, of duels, and of private murders. So universal, and so deeply rooted, was this animosity, through the whole multitude, that, from the nobleman to the meanest vassal, each thought it a merit, and an honour, to injure, even by means though altogether dishonest, any person who belonged, in any degree, to the opposite party.

The chiefs of these two parties were named Seaton, and Kintair. The former was a youth of the most promising genius, and of sound abilities, joined to great integrity, and an earnest love of virtue. The only speck in his character, was the hereditary hate he entertained for the family of Kintair; and that he governed with

so much discretion, that for the implacable enmity, and native cruelty of his opponent, the family quarrel might have been adjusted between them, and much misery and bloodshed prevented.

Violently as the savage Kintair detested the very name of Seaton, he yet became deeply enamoured, at first, of a lady of that house; the sister indeed, though at first he knew it not, of the very lord he hated so implacably.

This lady, whose name was Margaret, was distinguished by an engaging form, and the innate virtues of her soul, which shone conspicuous upon her countenance, and in her whole deportment rendered her air and manner irresistible. She had a twin sister, who so strongly resembled her in every feature and lineament of the face, that, when asunder, they were hardly to be distinguished; these were the only relations of the young Seaton, and were, with him, the sole survivors of the illustrious and ancient family.

Opportunities of meeting, it may be imagined, were not very frequent between these two families. In short, it happened that the

rough Kintair had not once beheld this lady, till, by accident, one evening, as she returned on horseback, from a visit to a friend. The moment he came up with her, he halted; ordered as polite a message as he could dictate, to be delivered to her; and begged that he might have the permission to speak to her. Margaret alighted, and readily granted his request. Kintair, when he approached to her, threw himself upon his knees, entreated her to tell him her condition, assured her that if the laws of honour would permit it, he would make her the wife of the first nobleman of the land; the wife of himself, the lord Kintair.

The lady, who had, till that word, listened with downcast eyes, and a face covered with the blush of modesty, instantly leaped again upon her horse.

"Young lord," replied she, "let one word suffice. My name is MARGARET SEATON."

With these words in her mouth, she left him, and pursued her journey.

Feebly would words express the conflict of raging passions, in the breast of the wild Kintair, on this occasion. Love, anger, pride, revenge, despair, at once took possession of his soul; at once bereft him of speech, and of resolution. He threw himself upon the ground, and tore up the very earth in agony. At length, starting up in a

fury, he commanded his attendants to follow, and to bring the lady Margaret back to him. Soon after, however, reflecting that the retinue of the lady was equal to his own, in point of number, and determining to trust his revenge to none but himself, he mounted his horse, and pursued the same track.

Winged, as it were, by love and revenge, he presently outstripped his own servants, nor was it long before he overtook the lady Margaret.

"Insolent fool!" exclaimed he, "Didst thou imagine that I would permit thee to escape me thus; that I would permit thee to make thy brother sport with my humble suit, and thy proud refusal? No: think not that I would espouse the sister of the man I hate; that, by a boyish passion, I would be the scandalous means of conciliating an enmity so justly founded, as that between thy family and mine; an enmity which I hope will be eternal. I have one method to gratify my desires, which is more short, which will give me double pleasure, by feeding at once my hatred and my love, and by affording me the noblest revenge on thee and thy family."

These words were hardly uttered, when he gave the signal for murder; in consequence of which, a conflict ensued, and all the servants of the lady Margaret were destroyed.

This bloody deed, during which, the unhappy lady fell a defenceless victim to the brutal passion of Kintair ; it had not been many minutes perpetrated, when a party of near one hundred of the Seaton's, appeared upon a neighbouring hill ; they were ignorant of what had happened ; but the savage ravisher, fearing to be overpowered by numbers, mounted his horse, and with his attendants, rode off with speed through the woods. The Seaton's having passed another way, the wretched lady Margaret found herself instantly left alone, encompassed with the horrors of her own fate, with the mangled bodies of her faithful servants, and with the weapons of the murderers, yet reeking with blood, which, in their haste to get away, they had omitted to carry with them. Her first resolution was to plunge one of these into her own bosom, and thus to terminate her misery and her life together : but religion forbidding such a step, and shame preventing her returning home, she concluded upon hiding herself from the world forever. Picking up, therefore, the weapons that lay before her, as an eternal remembrance of the horrid scene, she made her way to a distant cottage, and giving to the poor, but honest hinds, her money, her jewels, and whatever else of value she had about her, she bound them by oath to eternal secrecy, and conjured them to let her spend the remainder of a wretched life with them.

Soon as the bloody Kintair had got to a place of safety, he sat down with his attendants, exulted with them in the success of his villainy, and vowed, that till then, he had never tasted the pleasures of revenge ; he praised their courage, gave them a number of presents, and promised them a thousand more ; and finally, he bound himself in an association with them, to make them his companions forever and to give them all estates, provided they would join with him, heartily, in prosecuting a scene of vengeance, which he told them he had now concerted, and of which this was but the auspicious beginning. The caitiffs were unanimously fond of the honour their lord did them ; and with the most dreadful imprecations, they entered into the proposed association, of never resting till the whole family of the Seatons should be extinct.

"Friends, and brothers, in revenge," said Kintair, on this, 'hear me now, and know the first step to my design is, to destroy the lady Margaret. This done, you shall see, and be surprised at my concerted vengeance. But for the party that we saw above us, I had not spared her before. We must now attempt to seize her once more, ere she gets home, and kill her on the spot where I enjoyed her. This completes my yet unfinished vengeance upon her, and leads you beside to a complicated scene of glorious mischief, of which

my brain is full but of which you can have no idea."

No sooner were the words uttered, than up they were, and ready for the enterprize; and such haste did they make, that they soon got more forward than the lady could possibly have been by that time, had she continued her journey homeward. They then halted in a thick wood, through which the road to Seaton Castle lay, and lay in wait for the hapless lady Margaret. She, injured innocent! was otherwise employed than they imagined. Her sister, the lady Jane, however, unfortunately for her, had the same day been abroad to some little distance, and, on her return home, in the dusk of the evening, alone, the villains immediately seized on her, and, according to the order of their lord, carried her to the fatal spot where the rape and massacre had been committed.

It was late in the night before they arrived there; and the moon shining bright, the distracted lady Margaret had left her cottage, and wandered to pour forth her sorrows at the place where the horrid act had been committed. There she was tossing herself on the ground, and making the rocks and woods resound with her distracted cries, when the murderers approached with their unhappy prey. So terrified was lady Margaret at the trampling of horses, the oaths and the blasphemies of the compa-

ny, and the known voice of Kintair, that she crept among the bushes and thorns, till she came to a thicket, behind which, she stopped to listen to the noise of the abandoned ruffians.

[To be concluded next week.]

To the editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

SIR,

Lamenting the death of the illustrious character who is the subject of the following (I flatter myself) just Eulogy, it is offered as a memorial of respect and reverence for his memory. As in the course of it the rancour of party has been studiously avoided, I hope you will honour it with a station in your paper.

ARATUS.

EULOGIUM UPON THE
HON. FISHER AMES, ESQ.

TO pay the tribute of respect to departed virtue, and to water with the tear of unfeigned regret, the urn of merit, as the last relic of those who have laboured for our welfare, and our country's good, is the duty of every lover of freedom, and particularly of Americans. The Genius of liberty, casting her penetrating eye through those dark ages antecedent to the christian æra, gazes with rapture upon the valourous exploits of her votaries, whose bosoms, animated with the divine glow of patriotism, have, by the well-merited applause of an admiring world, been raised above their fellow men. Strug-

gling against the storms of faction, some adventurous chief appeared ; his country was the deity to which he sacrificed, her interest was his, and their destinies were mutually united in the bands of affection ; his patriot form was seen towering above the angry crowd, and immediately the fury of contending parties abated ; silent attention listened, whilst his eloquence lulled the passions into sleep, and as he dictated to them their proper rule of conduct, they honoured him as the guardian of their liberties, and obeyed his counsels, as the voice of heaven. Athens, torn and convulsed with dissensions, was charmed by the persuasive words of her Pericles ; the rod of Hermes had been consigned to his hands, and by its potent sway, he ruled a nation of freemen, and taught them to burst the fetters of tyranny ; to him was committed the palladium of her liberties, and at his command the hydra of party was hushed to silence. Can then Columbia, with such an example, refuse to the consecrated ashes of her AMES, the just veneration which his powers, his talents, his patriotism, demands ? No : honoured with the love of his countrymen, flattered with the esteem of his contemporaries, he lived, the protector of her rights, her dignity, her independence ; and gratitude will weep over his grave, mourning his country's loss. Called by the suffrages of United America, to assume a seat amongst her worthies, to advise and counsel the govern-

ment, at the time when darkness pervaded our land, and an inveterate foe laid bare the arm of vengeance, he burst like a meteor from the mantle of night, illuminating the path of our pilgrimage with his cheering radiance ; never did a representative with more honour to himself, and his constituents, fill a station in our Congress, the boast of freedom, and the bright constellation of a western world, than this great and good man ; here it was that his transcendent abilities appeared ; here his manly and spirited conduct first arrested the attention, and claimed the reverence of his fellow men. Oft have the charms of his superior eloquence been confessed, and, honourable to his memory, always were they exerted in the cause of public good, and in the preservation of national rights. Bold, enterprising, and energetic, if " the fiery vapours of war lowered in the skirts of our horizon," he, " like a rainbow on the edge of the cloud, marked to our eyes the space where it was raging ;" to him the genius of our Independence looked up, and America considered the illustrious patriot as her support, her stay, her refuge, in the hour of peril. If any foreign power, setting at defiance the laws of nations, aggressed upon our neutrality, then the thunder of his voice resounded across the Atlantic, and Europe was astonished at the splendid energies of our infant orator. Long will his words be remembered by Americans ; and

when present men, and present events shall, in the gradual lapse of time, be hurried from existence, futurity shall open the scroll which contains the speeches of Ames, and posterior generations shall read, admire, and love; the future fathers of our land, when offering their opinions in the national council, will exclaim, "Here the eloquence of the American Cicero was often heard; here our ancestors were charmed with the mild music of his tongue, whilst the walls of the capitol re-echoed the plaudits of an admiring audience." The death of this great man, so peculiarly unfortunate in the present state of our national affairs, speaks in awful sounds to our country; it declares to her, in accents not to be misunderstood, that her hopes are constantly failing; that none human can foresee all the causes of national distress; that it behoves us therefore to sink party animosity in one common care, the care of our country's prosperity. Great and extensive in empire, we may be powerful; but whilst the wretched spirit of faction rages, we cannot flourish: continually our greatest, our best, our most illustrious characters are departing, and the tears of public regret, and private sorrow, are mingled in unison for the losses we sustain. It is but lately that COLUMBIA has been robed in the garments of mourning for her WASHINGTON, HAMILTON, TRACY, ELLSWORTH, and PATTERSON; scarcely recovered from these

repeated strokes of public calamity, we are again summoned to attend, with bosoms heaving with pity for America, the sable bier of the patriotic AMES. The great respect with which this name is mentioned in Europe, should still more, if possible, endear him to us. Britain, reverencing the character of the man, loses the idea of the enemy, and joins with his country in declaring to the world, a friend of the human race has fallen. To the honour of his native state, be it recorded, that he reposes not unnumbered with the vulgar dead, but the tomb of our Ames shall hereafter be hailed as the last retreat of Liberty: thither the foreigner shall bend his steps, and from the inscription learn to honour our patriot; there the American youth shall resort, and meditating over his virtues, call to mind his noble efforts in the cause of freedom; whilst the genius of America shall mourn *her* loss, and command posterity to go and act like Ames.

ARATUS.

Princeton, August, 1808.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

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MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE often observed that your Miscellany is well calculated to gratify every variety of taste, and to inform every class of intelligence—that it is composed in agreeable proportion of entertain-

ing narrative, instructive relation, and poetical beauties—that it is judiciously adapted to teach decorum to the volatility of youth, and merriment to the gloom of senility. I cannot think discourses on religious topics altogether misplaced in a literary journal, that they will be wholly unacceptable, or wholly without use, for religion is the only effectual antidote to human misery, while the expedients whether of sensual delight, or mental enjoyment, which have been sought to enlighten the darkness or smooth the asperity of life can yield only partial comfort and imperfect support. It is the office of wisdom to ascertain the real character of things, to bestow upon every subject time, attention, and labour, in proportion to its importance, and considering the shortness of existence to postpone, not doing that which it is of great consequence should be done, which can only be secured by instant application, and whose difficulty of accomplishment is increased by every moment of procrastination. Moments are fleeting away, the stream of life is descending with impetuous rapidity, the revolution of every sun, and the change of every moon, reminds us that we have fewer suns and moons to behold; they mark our approach to the termination of mortality, to the close of time, and to the commencement of eternity. In juvenile age we are too much occupied with pleasures, to attend to religion; the cares and anxieties of man-

hood diminish our ability, without increasing our inclination; and at old age we are oppressed with corporal infirmity, and mental despondence, our strength has departed, and our spirit has vanished.

The doctrine of the original depravation of our nature is taught with great explicitness in the inspired record, however it may be rejected by pride, or contemned by ignorance. How in the works of an infinitely perfect being, who is inconceivably wise, and not less good than wise, evil should exist, is indeed an excruciating question, it is not explicable by the powers of human apprehension, and it has in all ages confounded the learned, and distressed the simple. But although its cause cannot be discovered, of its existence we can have no doubt, from its abundance in our own constitution, we daily suffer, and it threatens us with suffering still greater, of tremendous magnitude, and of ceaseless duration: we should therefore be more careful to avert its effects, than to ascertain its origin, to diminish the infelicity with which it clouds our present state, and to escape its retribution in futurity, than to endeavour to unfold a mystery which is only known to the celestial mind. Every wise man must be conscious of disorder of intellect, that his mental perception extends but a little way, and that even within the horizon of his view, he labours under much indistinctness of vision, that there are objects which

he cannot comprehend, and appearances which he cannot explain; he must be sensible that his passions are irresistibly bent on impure enjoyment; that his conduct is habitually tainted with vice, and he is also sensible that he cannot radiate with unmixed effulgence his erring understanding, inspire his heart with immaculate virtue, or reform his actions into universal purity. It is therefore very natural to suppose, (as it is certain in reality) that creatures of such complicated infirmity, of such lamentable vitiation, and of such helpless impotence never *originally* proceeded from the creator. As we proceeded from this perfect workman we also were perfect, without any subjection to pain of body, or inquietude of mind, to the gloom of sorrow, the languishment of disease, or the shock of death—we were surrounded with the felicities of life, the luscious and spontaneous bounties of nature, and being possessed of freedom of will, we were capable of obedience or rebellion to our sovereign; we violated his command, and the punishment of this violation has been all the misery which, under countless forms, and with various severity, has afflicted every individual of the human race, and which, it is to be feared, has already launched many into interminable night. That all vice deserves punishment, is a position too evident to be contested; it is radically opposed to infinite purity, and no being in whom it predomi-

nates can be happy where infinite purity exists. The object of religion, therefore, is to reinstate man in his primitive innocence, to give light to his benighted reason, and rectification to his criminal propensities; to curb the rage of infuriated passion, and the violence of lustful appetite; to inform ignorance, and conclude error; to extinguish every unhallowed emotion, and to introduce virtue into our thoughts and hearts, and words and actions. Independent of the natural impossibility under which we labour, of enjoying perfect happiness, the justice of the creator is another irremovable obstruction. Whoever contemplates the works of creation, cannot but observe their striking adaptation to the purposes for which they were formed: the celestial bodies perform their periodical revolutions with punctual exactness, their form is best fitted for motion, and their velocity is necessary to uphold them in their course—the sun is placed in the centre of their system, to cheer them with his beams, and to invigorate them with his fire. Even on our own petty theatre innumerable proofs exist of its divine formation, and omniscient superintendence. Its face is diversified by rivers and hills and mountains—it is replenished with animal life, and spontaneously yields whatever is necessary to support it—Herbs for sustenance, and woods for shelter—It is possessed by rational inhabi-

tants, who are capable of discerning the sublimity of its structure, the harmony of its parts, and the beauty of its decorations. If then the material world has been formed, and is governed by wisdom and beneficence, so perceptible and so great, can reason imagine that the moral world is governed with less intelligence? will objects of inferior dignity, of senseless apathy, be more highly regarded by omniscience, than those which have noble qualities, which are destined to a more protracted existence, and which are susceptible of animal feeling, of pleasure and of pain, and of rational perception; of congruity and absurdity, of harmony, and of chaos. The material world was perfect at its first existence, and we might therefore expect to find in it that consistency and order, and luminous evidence of a superior hand, which we at present perceive; but the moral creation, having lost its primitive perfection, and being filled with disorder and fragility, a course of discipline became necessary to recover its perfection, to re-instate reason in its primitive supremacy, and to degrade passion into its ancient subordination. The propriety of this discipline cannot therefore be discovered till the final adjustment of things, till the earth shall have performed her last revolution, till the period of probation shall cease, and the day of final scrutiny arrive. Justice and order will then appear triumphant. If the judicatories of human sove-

reigns arraign offenders at their bar, and award right to the injured, and penalty to the violent, who clear the innocent, and inflict punishment on the guilty, can it be imagined that the sovereign of the universe will admit injustice and anarchy into his dominions, which even a human tribunal would be ashamed to tolerate. But if justice is rigidly exercised upon men, they are without the shadow of hope, and without the possibility of salvation, for all are guilty, and all guilt must be expiated: but finite beings cannot expiate offences committed against one who is infinite. Revelation has disclosed to us that atonement has been made by an all perfect being. He who shall sincerely endeavour to obtain an interest in this sacrifice, shall be infallibly exalted to association with angels, and union with the just; while he who remains carelessly indifferent about immortality, can expect nothing but endless banishment from this illustrious assembly.

SYLVANUS SOMBRE.

New-York, August, 1808.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

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ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

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MACKLIN, the comedian, was a man of an unseemly and rough vi-

sage. The celebrated Quin, whose cotemporary he was, addressed him one day, "Mr. Macklin, by the *lines*—I beg your pardon, Sir—the *cordage* of your face you should be *hanged*."

MATRIMONY.

SIR,

FROM the number of *marriages* which I weekly see published, it appears as if the ladies were availing themselves of the privilege which *leap-year* gives them of *wooing the gentlemen*—and that their soft, mild, fluent, and persuasive tongues, and elegant and captivating manners and address, have obtained for them a success which the awkward behaviour, and clumsy conversation of the gentlemen never could achieve. As a friend to *matrimony*, however, and from a wish to save the ladies from the necessity of pleading too loudly their own merits, and pressing too closely their own suits, I send you an extract from a celebrated pamphlet, called—"The Bachelor's *Tattoo*," which I hope will stimulate those gentlemen, both old and young, who, to the disgrace of themselves, to the injury of their country, and in contempt of the powerful host of attractions which embellish our American Fair, continue to live *single, useless, and miserable* lives, to take unto themselves helpmates, companions, and comforters.

"If you are for pleasure, MARRY !

If you prize rosy health—MARRY !
And even if money be your object
—MARRY !

"A good wife is "Heaven's last best gift to man ;" his angel and minister of graces innumerable—his *sal polychrestum*, or gem of many virtues—his *pandora*, or casket of celestial jewels ;—her *presence* forms his company—her *voice*, his sweetest music—her *smiles*, his brightest day—her *kiss*, the guardian of his innocence—her *arms*, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her *industry*, his surest wealth—her *economy*, his safest steward—her *lips*, his faithfullest counselors—her *bosom*, the softest pillow of his cares—and her *prayers*, the ablest advocates of heaven's blessings on his head.

If you love the Creator, you ought to *marry*, to raise him up worshippers—if you love the *ladies*, you ought to *marry*, to make them happy—If you love *mankind*, you ought to *marry*, to perpetuate the *glorious race*—If you love your *country*, you ought to *marry*, to raise up soldiers to defend it :—In fine, if you wish well to *earth* or *heaven*, you ought to *marry*, to give good citizens to the one, and glorious angels to the other."

EMPEROR NERO.

NATURE had delineated his manners on his face, and the whole make of his body, : for he had little eyes, and covered with fat, his

throat and chin joined together, a thick neck, great belly, and legs slender: all which proportion made him not unlike a swine, whose filthiness he well expressed. His chin was turned upwards, which was a sign of his cruelty. Fair hair, small legs, and his face rather fare than majestical, were pregnant signs of his effeminateness. His unheard of wickedness, was prognosticated by his father, Domitius, from a calculation of his own, and his wife Aggripina's manners, in these words:—*It is impossible that any thing that is good should proceed from me or her.*"

A Recipe for a Lady's dress.

LET chastity be your white, modesty your vermilion, dress your eye-brows with cheerfulness, and your lips with sincerity; let instruction be your ear-rings, and innocence your garland, confidence in your husband, your richest ornament—house-wifery your bracelet, virtue your robes, and conscious integrity the finest of your dress.

THE PORTRAIT OF A TRADING JUSTICE.

As it was described at Coach-Maker's Hall, in the year 1786.

His head is the scull of a superannuated attorney, in which are deposited the brains of a goose. On either side hang the ears of an ass, to shew his family connexions. His eyes, with which he looks at virtue, merit, and fortitude, are

those of an owl in the sunshine, blinking. He has the teeth of a mouse, that will gnaw through a deal board for a bit of toasted cheese. And his tongue, like that of a jack-daw, cannot speak till slit with a piece of silver. He has the hands of a monkey, picks up all within his reach, and hides the booty that he fingers. His breast is the paunch of a hog, filled with the blood of the malefactor, the bread of the indigent, and the tears of the orphan and widow, which, like the petrifying waters of some rivers, have hardened his heart to stone. He has the back of a bear, fitted only for an exhibition, or a cudgel; and his legs shall be furnished by an old cow, for the sake of a cloven foot.

As it would be highly improper to let him go naked, we will clothe him: but not in an English dress, for he is a disgrace to the name. On his head you behold the turban of official insolence, in which he rivals the great Mogul. His under garment is the veil of ignorance, which he anxiously wishes to hide; over his shoulders hangs the mantle of tyranny, which was torn off, and trampled on by British Liberty, at the glorious Revolution, and his feet are shod with the sandals of impiety and perjury.

Let us now enquire after his qualifications for the office, and we shall find him possessed of the compassion of a crocodile, who weeps

over his prey, to increase his spoils. The demon of avarice taught him benevolence, and he carries the blessings of the unfortunate in a nutshell. He has the sympathy of an ostrich, who deserts its young, and displays the sensibility of a stoic. He studied logic and rhetoric at Bedlam, learned chastity in a brothel, and gathered his piety from the history and orders of the Hell Fire Club.

It is necessary to give him an equipage suitable to his rank, and that shall complete the portrait. His coach is the car of oppression; the arms painted upon it are discord and knavery, embracing each other in the field of plunder. The horses that draw him are fear and flattery; the footmen that follow him are infamy and contempt. Belzebub mounts the coach-box, and an old proverb makes him an excellent motto—*He must needs go whom the devil drives.*

A LAPLAND WEDDING.

The following account of the method of deciding on a marriage between young persons in Lapland, is extracted from Fuller's Worthies of England, a work, which, for the generality of its information and entertainment, is not to be excelled:

"HERE let me insert a passage of a custom in this barbarous country, from the mouths of credible merchants, whose eyes have beheld it. It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without her parents or friends consent:—where-

fore, if one bear affection for a young maid, upon the breaking thereof to her friends, the fashion is, that a day is appointed for their friends to meet, to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting, the advantage of a third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should ever be overtaken. If the maid over-run her suitor, the matter is ended, he must never have her, it being penal for the man again to renew the motion of marriage. But if the virgin hath an affection for him, though at the first running hard, to try the truth of his love, she will, (without Atalanta's golden balls to retard her speed) pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she cometh to the mark, or end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own will; and this is the cause that in this poor country the married people are richer in their own contentment, than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness."

The four virtuous Women.

MAHOMET informs us, that among men, many have been found perfect; but among women, only four. This is an incivility which is not even excusable in a prophet. He even mentions the four fortunate ladies: Asas, the wife of Pharaoh; Mary, the daughter of Im-

ran; Khadijah, the daughter of Khowailed; and Fatima, daughter of Mahomet. How it happened that the prophet felt such a partiality for the wife of Pharaoh, and of whom the world knows nothing, is a mystery not for us to penetrate. But there is good reason to know why he was so favourable to the other three perfect ladies: one was his nurse, one his wife, and the other his daughter! Should a wit offer the slightest raillery on this absurdity, in Constantinople, he would there cease to be a wit, and would become a heretic. The opinions of men are not less distant from each other, than their residence.

THE MINIATURE PICTURE.

IN the early settlement of this country, when the fields and meadows, nay, the populous cities that we now enjoy, were wilderness, beaten only by the foot of savages, lived an amiable pair, whose names shall be distinguished under those of William, and Mary. Happiness seemed to have sheltered their cot with her wing, and plenty abounded their stores. A smiling infant, on whom the parents doated to excess, was the pledge of their mutual loves. Their prayers ascending with the beams of morning to heaven for its preservation, and the shades of the evening witnessed the fervor of their devotion.— Their lives glided peacefully on, and their happiness seemed incapable of interruption. In the so-

lemn stillness of the night, Mary was suddenly roused from her sleep by the sound of a light step approaching the bed. She started from her slumbers, and beheld the shadowy form of an Indian, with his tomahawk extended over the head of her sleeping husband. She caught her infant to her bosom, and with a convulsive outcry, made her escape. Flying from the place, she heard the voice of her husband in the most wringing tone of anguish, exclaiming, "Save the child, O save the child!" It was in vain that the neighbours flew to the assistance of her husband; the bed was covered with blood, but no trace of him was to be found. Searches were made in every part of the country, to no effect; and enquiry was rendered still more unsuccessful. With an heart bleeding at every pore, Mary retired to a remote part of the country, and indulged herself in undisturbed lamentation. Her most intimate friends knew not the place of her retirement, and the common opinion was, that she was dead. When the first delirium of anguish was over, she relapsed into a composed and settled state of melancholy, which spread over youth that deadly paleness of despair. Her only relief was to trace in the countenance of the boy, the lineaments of his father. She could contemplate, with a melancholy satisfaction, on the proficiency of the infant, and discern the father's virtues in the blossom. While he was one day prating in the lap of his mother, a

beggar entered the room, imploring charity and assistance. Mary beheld his emaciated form, his ragged vestment, and her heart was touched with compassion. She was about to administer relief, when she beheld a portrait, suspended by a golden chain from his neck. "It is thus," said she, that you beggars tamper with the simplicity of women. That golden chain and portrait, which you now wear, was probably pilfered by you from some person who is now lamenting its loss; to you it is of no value, to them it may be of value inestimable." At the conclusion of this speech, the stranger burst into tears, and exclaimed—"You do me the greatest injustice; insult the rich and the powerful, they may revenge it, but spare the miseries of the poor; the heart that is bleeding under the arrows of misfortune, is still alive to the goads and stings of reproach. This, madam, is the portrait of a wife, whom I loved dearer than life. These tears, madam, attest the sincerity of my remarks."

Mary examined the picture—she fainted away, and awoke to life and transport in the arms of her husband.—It is almost unnecessary to mention that William, instead of being murdered, was merely held in bondage by the Indians; that he made his escape, and had the address to preserve this picture from the search of the savages; and that this was his only consolation, until he found him-

self again in possession of the original.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

*On a beautiful Girl of four years old,
who strongly resembled her father.*

Perfect resemblance thou! how just that smile!

How soft that cheek, with health's vermillion glowing;

That same mild speaking eye, so free from guile,

With nature's language eloquently flowing.

Yes, 'tis his look in miniature I see
Sweet child, as gazing on thy lovely face;
His manly beauty, softened still in thee,
And all the virtues of his mind I trace.

Dear smiling cherub! oft with tearful eye,

Have I, unseen, the strong resemblance noted;

Mourn'd as I gaz'd, with many a heart-felt sigh,

My wayward fate, to hopeless grief devoted.

For who, that e'er his glowing virtues knew,

His mild philanthropy, and soul sincere?

His graceful language, science, who ah! who,

But must regret his friendship with a tear.

May'st thou, dear child, resemble him in worth,

As perfect as in every soften'd feature,
Favoured by heaven's peculiar care on earth,

As thou art grac'd by every gift of nature.

Julia Francesca.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Enigmatical list of streets from Broadway.

1. A numerical letter, and a feature, transposed.
2. The residence of a Prince—and a Country, adding a letter.
3. A pismire, and an industrious insect, omitting a letter.
4. A bird, and a male child.
5. An apartment.
6. The combat of nations, and to tear, omitting the last letter.
7. A separation.
8. A sweet smelling wood.
9. Half a capital crime, and a beam of light.
10. An Algerine title.
11. To languish.
12. An industrious and useful animal.
13. Unrestrained privilege.
14. A strong fence.

Julia Francesca.

A solution is requested.

A REBUS.

HALF this, half that, of bread and meat,
And join them, you will have a treat ;
Or I'm mistaken in the dish,
As rich as warmest heart can wish.

Another.

ADD a vowel to but a small part of the
face,
And an Empire of very wide compass
you'll trace.

In Salem, Mass. on Thursday
the 4th inst. the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer, stood at 100
degrees in the shade.

Our city Inspector reports the
death of 54 persons during the
week ending on Saturday last.

Deaths in Philadelphia, during
the last week—viz. adults 37 children 61—Total 98. Of these 25
children died of the cholera morbus.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, the 4th inst.
by the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Albert Journey,
to Miss Ann Walker, both of this
city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev.
Dr. Hobart, Mr. Noel Blanche, to Miss
Jerusha Layton, both of this city.

On Sunday last, Mr. W. E. Matthews,
of this city, to Miss Hannah Loree,
daughter of the late Dr. Loree, of New-
Jersey.

By the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Garrit
Bogert, to Miss Sarah Degroat, both
of this city.

DIED,

On the 5th inst. Gen. John Shee, Col
lector of the port of Philadelphia.

THIS Miscellany is published in half-
yearly volumes, at one dollar each vol.

TERMS.

To city residents who subscribe for
one year, one dollar in advance—and the
remainder at the close of the term.

Persons who reside out of the city, to
pay in advance for the volume, or vo-
lumes, for which they subscribe.

Letters, *post paid*, enclosing the amt.
will be strictly attended to.

Printed & Published by John Clough,
No 46, Fair-street.



.....

A Mother to her Sleeping
Infant.

SLEEP on, sweet infant ! take thy want-
ed rest

I'll not disturb thee in thy gentle sleep.
These are thy golden days—of days the
best !

No cares, no thirst of gain, possess thy
breast,

Nor passions give thee cause to hope
or weep,

Sweet Innocence.

Dear blossom ! little can'st thou know
what cares

Possess'd thy mother e'er thy natal
day

Dawn'd forth—and still her constant
morning prayers,

And orisons at eve, thy mem'ry bears,
Beseeching heaven would ever crown
thy days

With Innocence.

Full many thousands at this moment
weep,

Oppress'd by want, or sickness, or
disdain....

But hush, my boy awake ! with sighs
so deep !

My CHARLES ! thy mother's love ! be
calm and sleep !

Thro' kissing I may wake my boy
again,

And Innocence.

May God, sweet baby, teach thee true
sincere,

Then this fair bud will yield a charm-
ing flower ;

But whether thou shalt bloom through
lengthened years,

Or tears bedew thy grave—a mother's
tears !

“Mamma” he lisps, and smiles ! away
my fears— (Power,

I'll leave thee in the charge of higher
And Innocence.

Solution of the Enigmatical list of
Bachelors in our last number.

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Mr. Mead | 2. Mr. Sexton, |
| 3. Mr. Conklin, | 4. Mr. King, |
| 5. Mr. Smith, | 6. Mr. Shute, |
| 7. Mr. Secor, | 8. Mr. Morss, |
| 9. Mr. Taylor, | 10. Mr. Brewster, |
| 11. Mr. Mullany, | 12. Mr. Williamson |
- G. K. & Amicus.*

Another.

Imprimis,

How cool and how honied is Mead,
Next comes Sexton, the merchant, if
rightly I read ;

At the corner is Conklin, a *King* for his
neighbour,

And Smith, so *devout*, who defies toil
and labour ; (for be ;

Tis a pity John Shute should a bache-
Poor youth, he like Secor despairing
must be ;

Next comes little Morss, with eyes
black as sloes.

And Taylor who walks on the tip of
his toes ;

Then Brewster who rather more stately
does walk,

But Mullany's no bachelor ! what idle
talk !

A second he'll take as it soon will appear
So of bachelors Williamson brings up
the rear. (lives—

Then wishing these bachelors peaceable
May they have squalling babies and
termagant wives

Lucretia Mac Tab.